

NORTHERN JUNKET



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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

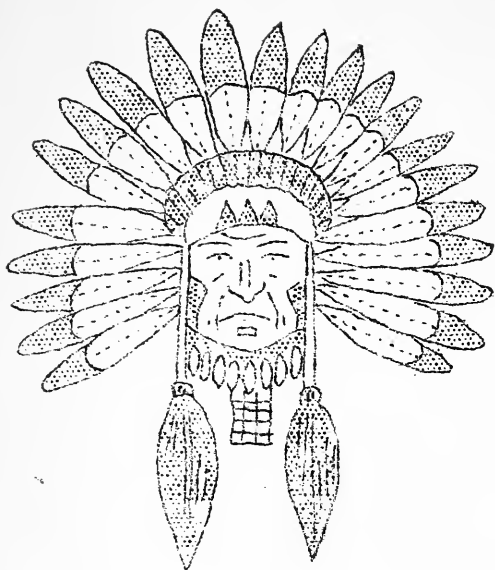
What is the reason for the slackening interest in square dancing in some parts of the country? Many excuses are given: television; general unrest; tight money due to a rise in living costs; too many new dances and too many complicated dances. Not any one of these reasons seem to me to be the answer. I wonder if every reader of the NORTHERN JUNKET will do

something for us all? Will you inquire of some person whom you know used to square dance but who now stays home, why he stopped dancing? Then write the answer on a penny postcard and mail it to me? Perhaps in that way we can come up with an answer.

Personally I'm not too worried. People have always danced and will continue to do so. I'm glad of this retrenchment period. It will give us a chance to catch our breath. We'll find out who are the real square dancers and who were just square dancing because it was the thing to do. We'll find out too, who are the real leaders and who are the ones just in it for a fast dollar. This isn't the time to be discouraged; it's a time to consolidate our gains and build on a firm foundation for the future. It will be tough for a time, but don't let it get you down. Square dancing will be all the better for it in the end.

Sincerely

Ralph



A
FESTIVAL
FOLK
TALE
by

J. HOWARD SCHULTZ

This is a folk tale. It'll wander around aimlessly for a while and then come to a sort of a point. Although I am not the hero of the story, I have to mention a dark chapter in my life, way back. I was not born in Texas. I did not move to Texas until I was three... I was actually born in Oklahoma, and for many summers I wandered around our claim, which was surrounded on three sides by the Caddo reservation.

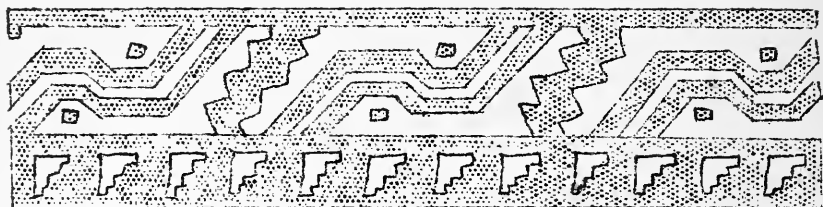
The Caddos danced over in the canyon on the east forty, and every spring and fall grandpa would load us in the two-horse wagon to drive over and watch. I enjoyed going, but the dance itself didn't excite me much. The Indians wearing their weekday clothes and maybe one feather, would get in a big circle around a small fire, put their arms around their neighbors' waists, and circle around chanting a monotonous line over and over. Nobody told me that it was the Ghost Dance of that Messianic religion that developed after the white men came, and that the

Indians were actually begging to be delivered from us. It wasn't until I was much older that I discovered the rich variety to be found in Indian dances, provided the paleface is willing to move around from tribe to tribe. Caddos do not dance the Kiowa dances.

After I came back East and started looking into the strange folkways of the paleface Yankee tribe, I was initiated into the ritual of the annual folk festival. This story is actually meant for anybody who has sat around while a New Hampshire sachem explains why the treasurer can't read his report---bills haven't come in yet from the last festival--or while NEFF braves decide where to hold the next powwow.

Now it seems that while I have been away, the Indians of Oklahoma have federated, and that they come together each August to dance. I had heard much of the festival in Anadarko, but had never before this past summer been able to be there at just the right time. This year they planned to revive the Sun Dance, which the misguided missionaries had almost succeeded in killing off, and I headed for the Indian Fair. The old Indians had predicted that if they danced the Sun Dance, their festival would be rained out; and sure enough, for two days of the three it rained. But I got in town on the third day with strong medicine, and we had nothing worse than cold wind blowing through the grandstand. I was happy to see again the mile or so of Indian tents outside the village, fires burning from supper-cooking in the twilight, Indians all over town as I remembered them, except that no squaws wore papoose boards. Five or six Indians out of thousands seemed to be staying in the town's only hotel, where I lodged.

The dances were magnificent. Choral ensem-



bles of mixed tribes in full regalia filled the big stadium, dancing in the firelight; individual tribes brought out their social dances and dances of ritual; a "ringer" or two had been imported from Arizona to do spectacular solos like the hoop dance. The Indian Office had provided a good reader to translate each chant by loud speaker before the dances. ("Him pretty good," an old Indian behind me happened to say in English "his papa use seven hoops.")

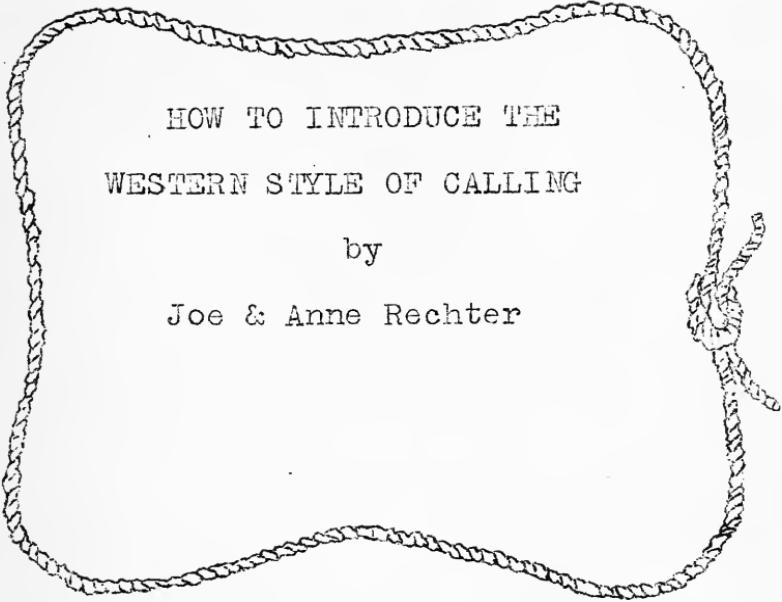
I had a friend to see after the show. When I got back to the hotel about midnight, the street in front was lined with Buicks and Cadillacs. The lobby was filled with Indians, now in their paleface clothes, draped over the furniture or sitting on the stairs, watching the deliberations of six or eight elderly and very fat Indians sitting around a long table.

"I'm afraid we can't tell exactly," one of them was saying. "Some bills for advertising haven't come in yet."

I turned to the man beside me and asked how they were organized.

"Why, we all, here in the state, elect a president and these other officers," he explained. "Then they appoint a director for each tribe. The director lines up talent, sees that the dancers get here and get ready to go on at the right time."

"I know," I said. "Thank you, sir."



HOW TO INTRODUCE THE
WESTERN STYLE OF CALLING

by

Joe & Anne Rechter

Remember the old saying about "East is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet? Well, it needn't apply to square dancing if you apply tested methods. A lot of eastern callers are surprised to discover a great many parallels between the two, so let's cast aside some of our fears and prejudices and see if the West can't help us improve our dancing without throwing away the good things we've been doing.

Already people are asking you about the new style and why it's different. You can tell them that the most marked difference is the use of "fillers" or trimmings, which are short figures, usually done between the main figures of the dance, in which everyone participates at the same time.

"All around your left hand lady
See saw that pretty little taw
Now form a ring, a great big ring

And break that ring with a corner swing
Now form a ring a great big ring
And break that ring with a corner swing
Now all four boys listen to my call
Swing your opposite across the hall."

A great many Western callers are using singing calls, with fillers of their own. It works very well, and adds lots of variety and flexibility along with the fun of hearing a familiar tune. However, the dancers must hang onto every word of the caller during the filler, as he probably doesn't know which one he'll use!

Another characteristic is the use of different types of swings. This is often a bone of contention among callers, the chief complaint being that if people are used to a lot of swinging they won't care to change. Try using several types of swings, and use them as part of a figure, instead of as complete figures in themselves. You can use a two hand swing or a right or left hand grip (such as those used in Sally Good'n). The Texas do-si-do makes a nice substitution for a prolonged waist swing. But for heaven's sake do not use the abominable "bull by the tail" swing.

You'll find two couples active at a time instead of one (first and third, or second and fourth). This isn't necessarily more tiring as the style of moving is smooth (no skips or bounces) and the tempo should never be fast enough to tire the dancers. Everyone steps on the accented beat of the music, prompted by the rhythmic accents in the caller's voice.

Patter calling, or rhyming the calls, can be vastly entertaining if properly done, but beware of getting too patter conscious, and forgetting to emphasize the actual call! Patter can be use

ful in giving the "tip-off" or hint as to what is coming next, but you still need to accentuate the positive!

"DO SI DO, and a little more do
Chicken in the bread-pan scratchin' gravel
One more change and HOME YOU TRAVEL."

A major reason for the vast crowds who do the square dances in the West is the large-scale use of classes and clubs to further the movement. The classes are usually run by the local Recreation Boards, the Y's, Adult Education, or by the callers themselves. Clubs can be started with small groups meeting in people's homes, and combining for gala shindigs. Both can be invaluable to you in trying new calls and patters, and make wonderful demonstration sets at your dances.

If you feel you need more background, attend some of the callers' courses out West or in the East, and while there, you'll learn some of the attractive couple dances now becoming so popular. But wherever you go, dance in the sets! The day has come when a caller must be a fairly competent dancer. Most callers don't dance enough and thereby lose perspective.

Boning up on the many available books and monthly publications will also help, and if you haven't a callers' association in your area form one of your own. It can be done on a very simple scale at first, with only a few members. One of the many things you can do through an association is to sponsor workshops for callers, which are valuable clearing houses for new ideas and calls.

Your music needn't be a problem, if you find it needs changing. Buy some of the scores of good records out, and have your musicians lis-

ten to them. They can pick out lots of tunes and arrangements to suit what you're doing.

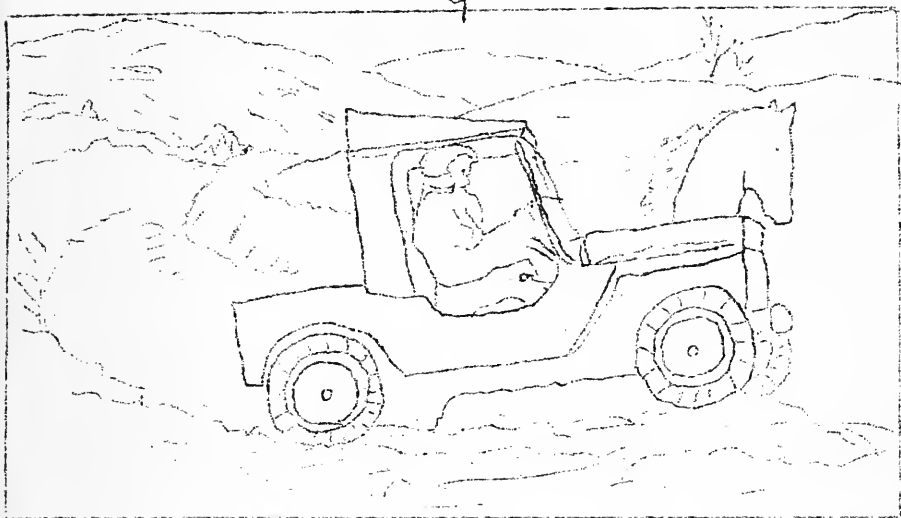
As you gradually introduce your new calls and couple dances, you'll notice a change in the dancers too. They'll be more interested, better behaved, and less tired because of the smoother style and shorter swinging time. They'll be far better dancers than before, because of the classes they've attended and you'll be able to add interesting variety to your calls without having to give up your popular favorites! There is no reason why Eastern dancers shouldn't dance four or five times a week, just as their Western neighbors do!

Editors note: Please read this article by Mr & Mrs Rechter over again. Then write us and let us know your reactions. Note too, that nowhere do they hint that we should give up our rich heritage of Eastern squares and contras and adopt solely the Western style of dancing. Let us know what you think.

LAMENT OF AN EMBRYO CALLER

Patter--Musical clatter
Strange poetry, unlike Keats
Has rhyme and reason if applied to feet!
Chassez--Sashay-feet seem to turn to clay
What's more, this might have meant Chanel's
New exotic scent.
Grand chain--Simply time for confusion to
Reign in the poor novice's brain.
Promenade and do-si-do, at least this gives
Comfort and aid to beginners row.
Swing--The obvious clue to the current hit
The Thing! It all adds up to attack beginners.
Its known as caller's jitters.

Dot Miller



WISCONSIN

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

There is an old saying: "Hindsight is better than foresight." So it is easy to see now that there was bound to be a peck of trouble in getting to Wisconsin.

The dispatcher gave the wrong street number to the cab driver. When he did get the correct one it was barely in time to make the last morning train to Boston. In fact we had to run.

The American Airlines plane took off right on schedule from Boston: 12 noon. We flew over the city and right back to the airport again. Something wrong with the landing gear they told us; it either wouldn't go up or down. After a few minutes of grumbling up and down the aisle the hostess told us we were to change to another plane 'right over there'. So we did. The baggage was transferred and we took off again exactly one hour later.

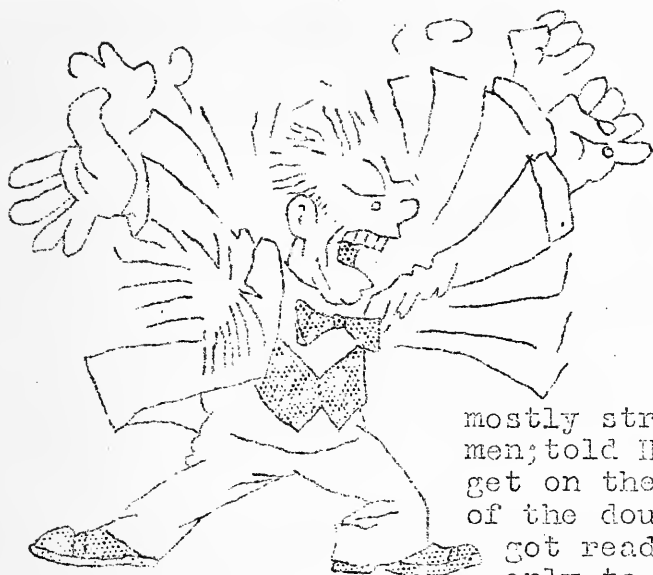
Still, this didn't disturb us too much as we knew there was a two hour lay-over at La Guardia. Confidently the through passengers lined up at the proper gate a few minutes before 3 o'clock, to be told that the plane was grounded for another hour. No reason given.

Back to aimless strolling up and down the corridors. Were in the air just one hour late.

Night flying is delightful. Especially in winter. Especially during Christmas season. The multi-colored lights of Cleveland, Toledo, and Chicago spread out beneath us like gigantic decorations on equally Bunyanesque Christmas Trees.

At Chicago we were to transfer our allegiance to Wisconsin Central, and they were most helpful and courteous seeing that we were late to make the flight we were supposed to take to Madison. But a series of incidents kept us in warm waiting room for two hours. First, the radio on our plane wouldn't work properly. When it did condescend to operate, they couldn't get the engines started. So back into the waiting room we went and paced up and down and around and around. Finally we were ushered onto a much later flight and made Madison by way of Milwaukee at 11:30 P.M.

We were met at Madison by Bill and Mary Frances Bunning who had been there since 6:30. It was colder than the hubs of Hades and we were hungry, so we were all willing to stop in town and eat a full course dinner. We got to Mt Horeb about 1:30 A.M. Only to discover that our fellow roomer who was supposedly waiting up for us had gone to sleep, and there we were at 30 below zero and a wind blowing and no official bed to lay down in! Back to the motel where many of the campers were staying; woke up a roomful of



mostly strange young men; told Herk Cusic to get on the other side of the double bed and got ready to turn in, only to find the last

straw: we couldn't find but the tops to our pajamas! Yike!!!

The trials and tribulations of travel were soon laughed away in the pleasantness of the next few days. Forty people were registered at the first session, including all instructors and other folks closely connected with the festival.

It was nice meeting the people who have been subscribers to NORTHERN JUNKET. It was even nicer teaching and dancing with them.

Ever since Jane Farwell started this idea of a Christmas Folk Dance Camp it has never appealed to us as a good time to conduct one. We will gladly take it all back. It's a wonderful time of the year. The special foods of the holiday served as part of the nationality meals; the countless songs and dances; the many customs, all made the camp a delightful experience. The longer we stayed the more we enjoyed it.

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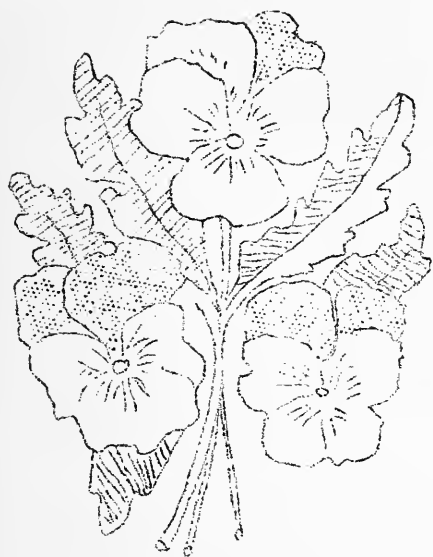
It was held in Mt Horeb High School. We danced in the huge gym; Bill and Mary Frances Bunning had the stage for their leather and silver craft work. We ate in the cafeteria and held discussion periods in a nearby room.

The gym and corridors were dressed up with Christmas trees and greens (including so much mistletoe that it was positively dangerous to stand still anywhere). You not only plainly saw Christmas everywhere you looked, you could smell it as well. It helped too, to have it winter-like outside: three feet of snow and a thermometer way down below zero several mornings.

If you came by bus you were met by "Willie" a full sized horses head mounted on the front of a jeep. "Willie" was complete, mane and all and while he had sort of a wild look in his eye proved to be well broken to harness. Fastened to the rear of the jeep was a "cutter" in which the guests rode. The sight of "Willie" and/or the cutter on the streets of Mt Horeb caused a major sensation. The kids loved it.

The whole town was most cooperative. They even transferred a basketball game to another town so that we would not be disturbed. Wonder how many other places would have done that? The town of Mt Horeb is pretty well populated with Norwegians. From what we saw of them, they are a mighty fine people. Many of them joined us at the evening parties and a few came to some of the suppers.

The second session drew some over ninety folks from a dozen states. We remember seeing license plates from Wisconsin; Minnesota; Iowa; Utah; Wyoming; Illinois; Nebraska. Others came by plane, train or bus from Maine; New York; New Hampshire; South Dakota; Michigan and New Mexico.



Paul and Gretel Dunsing from Chicago were additional teachers on the staff that also included Michael and Mary Ann Herman, Jane Farwell and Ralph Page. The Dunsings taught some nice German dances and were excellent teachers. They were a big help at the evening parties too. We enjoyed dancing the "Tral len" with them. To say nothing of the "Rocking Waltz."

Morry Gelman had a big group of his Minnesota dancers there. Among them Jock Wesson, who was admitted to Michael and Ralph's select clan of coffee drinkers.

There was a large number there from the University of Wisconsin in nearby Madison, headed by Hermine Sauthoff and John Fraase. It was the latter along with Clarence Peterson who engineered the "flight of the mistletoe" during supper one night.

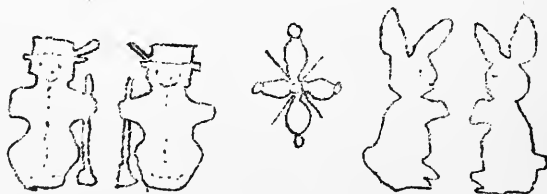
The evening parties were especially good and brought out some really stunning folk costumes. The one to be longest remembered will be the "Twelfth Night" party, the last night of the camp. We'd had a combined Danish, Swedish and Norwegian Smorgasbord followed by a short auction and the party soon after with play-party games led by Jane. It was sort of a United Nations Party too for we danced the dances of many countries; stopping reluctantly after a while for coffee and snack. Then Bill Bunning read

the charming story by Hans Anderson "The Fir Tree" while it was being acted out in silhouette. Then Morry Gelman led us in single file 'all over the house'. We danced in and out around Christmas trees in the gym, up and down the corridors and everywhere except in and out the windows. As soon as this was finished we carried out the trees and stripped the gym of greens. A fire on the school yard destroyed them in true "Twelfth Night" formula.

The favorite dance was undoubtedly "The Rocking Waltz" though our personal favorite was the Estonian "JamaJa Labajalg." New England will be seeing more of this. Favorite contra? "Money Musk" by a wide margin.

A great many townspeople came to this last supper and party and while we were gathered around the Smorgasbord the president of the local Chamber of Commerce extended an invitation to return to Mt Horeb next year. And we couldn't go back to a more sympathetic neighborhood.

One of the nicest things about a Christmas Folk Dance Camp is the observing of the customs of that time of the year while you are at camp. Most of us have Christmas in our hearts during Christmas week, and none thereafter. Here we relived the stories and songs and customs for yet another week. Accordingly we will be heathens but 50 weeks this year instead of the customary 51. That in itself, if there was no other reason would be reason enough for coming to next year's festival in Mt Horeb. Shall we see you there?





THE COUNTRY DANCE BOOK \$2.50 postpaid

by

Ralph Page and Beth Tolman

Some folks say this is the Bible of New England dancing. Others say it's the work of the devil

101 SINGING CALLS \$2.00 postpaid

by

Frank lyman jr.

The first and best book of Singing Calls.

THE PLEASURE CHEST 75¢ postpaid

by

Helen & Larry Eisenberg

A treasure of pleasure is found in these pages, for families, churches, clubs, parties, camps, rural groups. Here is a chart to create good fun

Order any of the above listed books from
Ralph Page, 132 Pearl St. Keene, N.H.

NEW ENGLAND FOLK FESTIVAL March 30 & 31
ROCKWELL CAGE M.I.T. CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
FOLK DANCING EXHIBITIONS & PARTICIPATION
DEMONSTRATIONS BY INTERNATIONAL GROUPS
ADMISSION*** Evenings 75¢ Afternoon 40¢ tax inc.

SQUARE DANCE

SOLOMON LEVI

as called by Dick Best
Music--Solomon Levi

Verse:

The first lady and opposite gent
Lead out to the right
Circle three hands round you go
And hold her good and tight
Break those rings and then you form
Two lines upon the side
The two upon the head around
The outside now will slide.

Chorus:

Half way round and up the center
You meet her there and swing
The other six join hands around
And make a great big ring
A prettier girl, a nicer girl
A sweeter girl is she
Now break that ring and swing your own
You swing your sweet Marie.

Verse:

The same head lady and opposite gent
Go forward to and fro (forward & back)
Forward again and pass right through
To the opposite side you go
The two ladies chassez the center (across)

The gents promenade(gents promenade across)
 The two gents chassez the center(to place)
 The ladies promenade(to place)

Chorus:

The same four holding the floor
 Swing your partners in place
 You've got no money, you've got your honey
 So give her a good embrace
 Right and left with your right hand couple
 And right and left right back
 Now right hand to your partners all
 A grand chain round the track(grand r & l)

Repeat changes for each couple in turn.

Dick Best is one of the many good young callers working out of Greater Boston. He calls regularly every Thursday night at the YWCA in Cambridge. He is an excellent singer of folk songs too and has delighted New England Folk Festival audiences for many years.

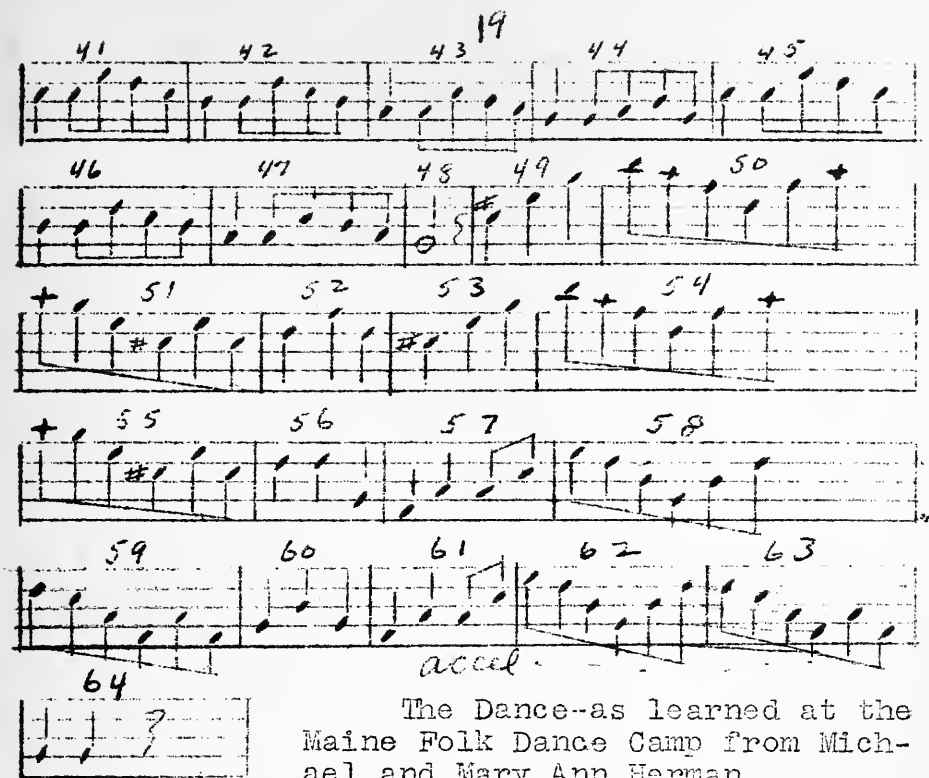
This is a singing call which explains itself. We think it is one of finest calls.

There will be an "Eastern Cooperative Recreation School" at Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt. February 13-25, 1951. Tuition cost \$50. Ruth and Jim Norris, Suzanne Trostle, Gertrude Corfman on leadership. Instruction offered in Folk Games, Calling Squares, Group Games, Play Party Games, Music Leadership, Community Singing. If you are interested notify Mrs. William Hargrave, 18 Nyack Ave. Lansdowne, Penna, as soon as possible. ***** Howard Hogue, East Bridgewater, Mass. is calling regularly in Veteran's Hall, Fairhaven, Mass, on Thursday nights. Call him for other dates. ***** In times of stress; when the going is tough a quitter always curls up and quits. Others get behind and push. In what class are you?

Folk Dance

Tamasa Labajalg
Estonian

Handwritten musical score for "Tamasa Labajalg" (Estonian Folk Dance). The score is written on a single staff in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 3/4 time. It consists of 40 measures, numbered 1 through 40. The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and accidentals (sharps). Some measures contain plus signs (+) above the notes, possibly indicating fingerings or accents. The score is divided into four systems of five measures each.



The Dance-as learned at the
Maine Folk Dance Camp from Mich-
ael and Mary Ann Herman.

Formation: Couples side by side facing counter-clockwise around the room. Man's right arm around partner's waist. Her left hand on the mans right shoulder. Outside hands swing freely at the side.

Chorus: Both step forward on left foot, swing the right foot over left, then repeat on right foot and so on, for eight measures of music.

Figure 1. Meas. 9-16

Plain flat footed waltz, man's hands on lady's hips; her hands on his shoulders. Turn clockwise and progress counterclockwise around the room. Do chorus as before. Meas. 17-24

Figure 2. Meas. 25-32.

Inside hands joined with partner. Step on the outside foot (ct. 1) Slide inside foot forward & upward, at same time swing joined hands forward and up (ct. 2, 3).

Meas.26.Step forward on inside foot(ct 1)Swing inside hands back facing partner and at the same time slide outside foot in direction of joined inside hands (cts.2,3).

Meas.27.Step on outside foot,swing joined hands forward and outward releasing hold.Turn once around by yourself,pivoting on outside foot(ct.1 2,3)

Meas.28. Stamp ONCE with inside foot in place (ct.1) pause(cts 2,3)

Meas.29-31.Repeat meas.25-27.

Meas.32. Stamp with right and left in place(ct. 1,2) pause(ct.3)

Meas.33-40.Repeat chorus figure.

Figure 3.Meas.41-48

Take shoulder and hip position as in flat footed waltz. Partners turn clockwise with a tapping waltz like this:Man takes a step on left foot (ct.1)taps with his right toe back of left foot (cts.2,3)The lady at same time takes three steps (r-l-r)ct 1,2,3.

Next meas. Man takes three steps,(r-l-r)At the same time lady steps on left foot(ct.1)taps with right toe back of left foot twice,cts.2,3. Continue for six more measures of music,alternating the tapping with the man for one measure his partner for next etc.

Meas.49-56.Do chorus as before.

Figure 4.Meas 57-64.

Partners stand side by side with right hips close together.Partners place right hands on each other's left hip.Left hands holding others right hand at hip. Lean away from partner and waltz forward four steps turning clockwise in place. Both then take twelve running steps in same position in place to finish dance.Music speeds up a little for these running steps. Repeat entire dance as long as desired.

An excellent record of JAMAJA LADAJALG is Folk Dancer label.MH 1047.

This is a nice dance with a lovely melody. It is typical of all Estonian dances: dignified but fun.

Estonian dances are not as vivacious as the dances of some other European countries. In many ways they resemble Danish dances in their sociability. In Estonian dances we find German, Swedish, and Finnish influences, along with a few Russian elements. All the Estonian dances that are known today are simple; there are no long complicated figures or difficult combinations.

Anna Raudkats has collected many of her native dances for the "Tallinn Estonian Museum Society. She writes in her introduction to *Eesti Rahvatantsud*: "As to the style of our dances, even in the most lively, the folk are reserved and delicate. Movement and temperament are bridled-expression is in the tempo and in the facial expression of the dancers, rather than in lively movements and odd figures."

FIGURE 1



FIGURE 4



from
The Folk Dancer
June 1942

CONTRA DANCE

THE MERRY DANCE

Every other couple, 1-3-5-etc. cross over before
the dance starts and

Chassez down with the one below

Back to place

Both couples down the center four abreast

Back to place

Cast off, ladies chain

Half promenade with opposite couple

Half right and left to place

The Music



This dance originated with the Holmes brothers of Stoddard, New Hampshire. They wrote the music for it too, as given here. They were a very musical family and the youngest-Lawrence- still lives up here in Stoddard village.

On one memorable occasion many years ago, a regular Saturday night square dance in the Town Hall was prolonged til daylight. Soon after the dance started a howling blizzard swooped down off Pitcher Mountain and in no time at all the roads were so badly drifted that no one could drive home til they were broken out. This happened before the days of automobiles, black top roads and snow plows.

Dances lasted much longer then than they do today. No dance ever broke up before two o'clock in the morning, and with that kind of a storm it didn't need much urging to keep right on dancing; which was what they did this night.

Finally, just as the kerosene lamps were drawn down and blown out, the orchestra struck up the first strains of "The Merry Dance" and Uncle Wallace began to call. The dance went on and on until Bill Story, the cornetist, rebelled. He'd been playing since 8 o'clock and his lip was feeling the wear and tear of several hours of playing.

Laying the cornet across his knees he called out in a voice you could have heard four miles away: "What is this, anyway? A dance or a G-d-overture?" From that day to this, the dance is known locally as "The Stoddard Overture."

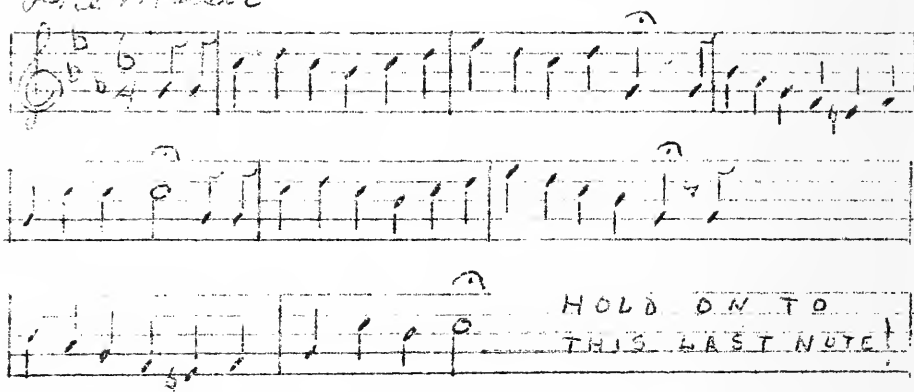


FOLK SONG

The Lost Jimmie

W. H. Allen

The Music



As lonely I strayed by the banks of the river,
 A watching the sunbeams as evening drew nigh;
 As onward I rambled, I spied a fair damsel,
 A weeping and wailing with many a sigh.

Crying for one who now lies a-sleeping,
 She was crying for one that no mortal could
 As the dark rolling waters that roll all save;
 around him,
 As onward they sweep towards young Jimmie's
 grave.

"Darling" she cried, "won't you come to my bosom,
 And give me sweet kisses as oft times you gave?
 You promised to meet me, my darling, this evening
 O come to me, Jimmie dear, come from your grave."

Slowly there rose from the depths of the waters,
 A vision of splendor more bright than the sun;
 With robes of crimson around him were shining;
 For to speak to this fair maid, these words he
 began.

"Why have you called me from realms of glory,
 Back to this world I soon have to part?
 To fold you again in my strong loving arms,
 For to see you once more, I have come from my
 grave.

Oh, hard were my struggles from the wild rushing
 waters,
 That encircled around me on every side;
 And the last thought I had was of God, darling;
 I was hoping that you'd sure be my bride."

"Jimmie," she cried, "won't you tarry here with me
 And never, no never, no more from me part?
 Then take me away with you, Jimmie, my darling
 For to sleep with you down in your cold, silent
 grave."

"Darling," he says, "you are asking a favor
 Which no mortal man can grant unto thee,
 For Death is the dagger that keeps us asunder,
 And wide is the gulf lies between you and me.

Still as I wander alone by the waters,
 I will ever be near you to guide and to save;
 I will ever endeavor to keep you from danger,
 I will guide you, my darling, from my silent
 grave."

"Adieu," then he said, and he vanished before her
 And straight to the skies he did seem for to go,
 Leaving this fair maid alone and distracted,
 A weeping and wailing in sorrow alone.

As she sank to the ground down where she was
 With the deepest of sorrow, these words standing,
 she did say,

"My darling," she cried, "O my lost Jimmie Whalen
 I will sigh til I die by the side of your grave"

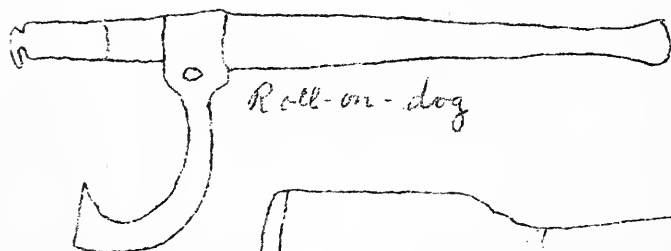
Phillips Barry says of this song in his delightful book "The Maine Woods Songster": "Occasionally a song cannot be classified, like "Lost Jimmie Whalen," perhaps the sweetest and saddest of them all, with its exquisite air, of which a wood thrush might be envious."

He says further, in the same volume, that he obtained the text and tune from a Mr. Leonard M. Patterson, Newport, Maine. "For a study of the folk-mythology in this ballad, see FSSME, 11:6-7"

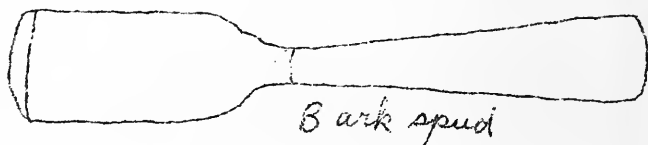
We'd like to secure copies of this publication "Folk Song Society of the Northeast"; it is not published now. Do any of our readers have any of them for sale or trade?

It seems characteristic of other Irish woods songs, and should not be confused with one known as "George Whalen", which comes from Michigan and Ontario.

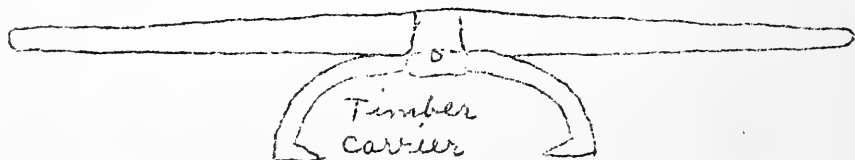
Tools used in the woods



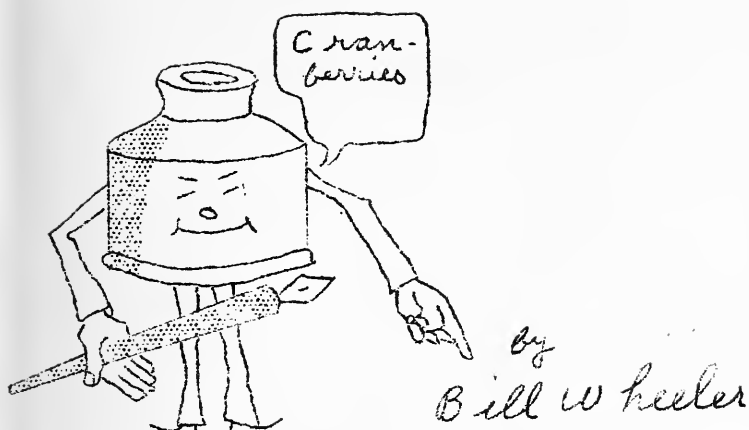
Roll-on-dog



Bark spud



*Timber
carrier*



Eating is my failing and raising cranberries my hobby, so when your last issue of NORTH ERN JUNKET came out, I was interested in the articles about cranberries and the receipts, particularly the one about the cranberry pie. So, if not too late for your next issue I offer the following suggestions and facts accompanied with a few samples of the same for your approval. (Ed. note: They were delicious.)

Cranberries are the chief agricultural export of the state of Massachusetts and are raised and cultivated in two counties; namely Barnstable and Plymouth counties, where over 75 % of all the cranberries of the country are raised and shipped.

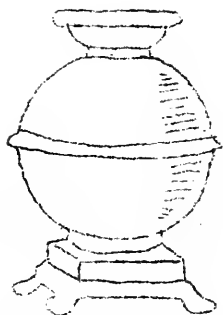
Cranberries are graded and selected into different varieties, but the two leading choice varieties are first, the Early Blacks, which is the choice of all canners and jelly makers as the best for making sauce and preserves. It is the heaviest bearer during years of large crops. It ripens first and is harvested first, just after Labor Day. It ripens into a dark black color. It is the best for cooking and eating but is a very poor keeper. The Early Blacks are general

(continued on page 32)

Folk Lore

told by

Bill Tyler



Evenin' everybody. Want to read yer a letter I got from Eliot Wellington the other day. Lives down Fitchburg way. So draw up a chair 'n listen a minute.

'Dear Bill. I've read in the most recent issue of the NORTHERN JUNKET how you are bringing the old fashioned common cracker to a low state of humiliation and degregation. Of course it may be all right to send away off up into the northern latitudes--Montpelier, Vermont--to get the real old fashioned kind, one can forgive that, but why, after importing good tasty morsels did you have to put them through the metal jaws of that modern gadget, the housewives next busiest helper after the can opener, the meat grinder? Shades of Aunt Liz!

In the first place there is a bakery down here in Westminster, Mass. that still makes a pretty good cracker. To be sure they aren't as large as they used to be but still they're good enough to put through a meat grinder for poultry stuffing. And they aren't too bad in a chowder, better than saltines or oysterettes any day.

Then when you get the right cracker--the real old fashioned cracker-if it has to be pulverized-should be given the dignified and proper treatment that was accorded it in the days of yore. It should be worked into smaller bits in a wooden mortar with a wooden pestle.

Now the business of breaking up crackers into crumbs with these tools is only accomplished artistically by one who has had competent and complete tutelage in their handling and use. This instruction was best received at an early age and under the firm and determined hand of a Grandma. This is one of the household chores unfortunately lost to the present generation of young people.

The finesse required on this job came from long practice. You just couldn't pound the pestle up and down, stroke after stroke. That sort of motion scattered the crumbs all over the kitchen floor and called for a sweeping job later, to be avoided if possible.

The proper way to handle the pestle was with a sort of rotary motion, with an occasional up and down stroke to get all the crackers crumbed to a proper degree of fineness.

Of course a small quantity of crackers could be mashed up with a rolling pin on the moulding board when the cook was in a hurry.

Times change, for the common cracker was one of the necessary staples in the kitchen of yesteryear and the mortar and pestle have been gathering dust in our attic for many years. I, too, now use the meat grinder! Nowadays they put the garbage into paper bags instead of into the pigs in the sty back of the barn. Times do change. Sincerely

Elliot G. Wellington

Good letter, ain't it? Lord! I'd forgotten all about them mortars and pestles. Spent quite a while pawin' round the attic for oun. Here 'tis right here. Found somethin' else too. Know what THAT is?

It's a girtin' chain we uset t' use measurin' oxen so's to know how much they weighed. This is a real fancy one 'at belonged to Jim Wilson. Made a lot of money Jim did as a drover. Don't know what that is? Tell yer sometime. Want to tell about girtin' chains now.

This one's nine feet long and that's a foot longer'n the usual run of 'em. Got a brass ring at each end yer see and beginnin' at five feet there's a silver five cent piece every foot and in between a silver three cent piece every foot. They just hang on the chain y'see and aint part of it's measurin' length.

Every cattle dealer had his own girtin' chain. They'd never take the girth of an ox by another's chain. The man sellin' would sort of kick the critter's hind legs in and edge back his foot 'ginst the front legs so't the animal would be hunched up and his girth increased. The buyer'd edge these front feet back, or move him round a mite so he'd sort of relax and lengthen out so his girth 'd be lessened. I've kinda forgotten, but I think a six foot yoke of cattle were rated at two thousand pounds and a hundred pounds allowed for each steer for every inch he measured above six feet. So a seven foot pair would go forty-four hundred. See what I mean?

'Tain't often a creature 'd measure more'n five or six inches over seven feet so a eight foot chain would be long enough for most. You could buy 'em in every country store in the old days. Not fancy ones like this, but with brass

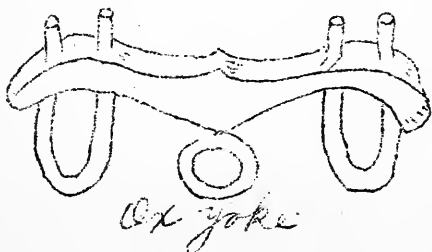
rings hung on where these silver coins are now. They'd be marked 5.6.7.'n 8,y'see.

Cattle dealers'd carry their chains rolled on a spool of hard wood. I've seen girtin' chains with a marker every three inches, but they were sort a uncommon. Smaller cattle than those of five foot girth was weighed on scales if they was weighed at all.

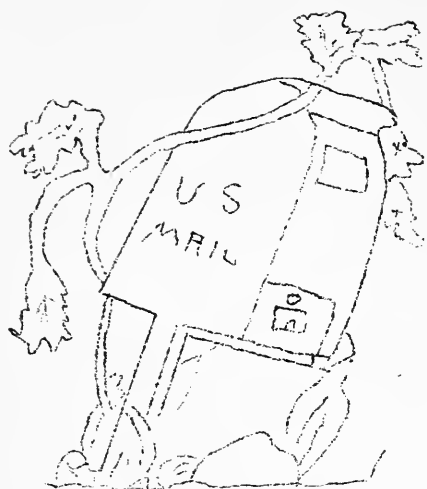
They use steel tapes now for the same thing, with measures in feet and inches on 'em and the estimated weight at each inch mark.

A drover was a cattle dealer. Many of 'em owned big mountain parstures and they'd go all over buyin' up young stock. Parsture 'em out all summer and long late in the fall they'd set out with 'em for Brighton market. Take two or three days doin' it.

Jim Wilson used to start in the spring in Concord, buy cattle all the way up and by the time he got here he'd have quite a herd of 'em. Remember one herd when I was 'bout seven of eight that took a half hour to go by our place. Warn't the easiest thing in the world to face that many cattle in a horse 'n buggy on our nar row roads. A shyin' horse would set 'em all running hell 'n gone through the fields and woods. What you call now the 'Hunter's Moon' we used to know as the 'Drovier's Moon'. That's when they'd drive 'em down to market.



(continued from p.27)



ly used for the Thanksgiving trade and should be harvested and shipped and off the market by Thanksgiving time, but this variety is the universal choice of all for the famous Cranberry sauce makers. The lower section of Cape Cod eastward from the canal, the majority of growers favor the Early Blacks.

North of the canal through Plymouth county, the Carvers and Wareham, the growers favor the late varieties as "Howes" of which I write of next. So for those who wish to preserve cranberries it is the choice of the old time Cape Codders to select Early Blacks.

The other leading variety and choice of certain sections of growers is the "Late Howes" berries. They are much lighter in color and darken slowly and are the variety now found for the Christmas trade. This "Late Howes" variety will keep until next spring. They are more bitter and not up to the taste of the Early Blacks but due to their long keeping qualities they are available for the trade until late spring.

You can understand why the cultivation of cranberries is divided into two schools. Those who raise Early Blacks for quick sale and use and those who prefer to raise a berry that can be held for many months and supply the market up to early spring.

Cranberries are sold by the Mass. Cranberry Sales Co. under various trade labels names and

these labels and names denote the kind of berry in the container, such as "Mayflower Brand." These are the Early Blacks, while "Honka & Santa Claus" brands are the Howes, or late berries.

I explain all this to you because the result of any receipt must be the result of which type of cranberry you select. The following receipts are for the Early Black varieties and the sample I submit are made from the Early Black Variety. If Howes are used the result is sure to be far different. Naturally, a buyer goes into a store and just asks for a package or a pound of cranberries and as far as they are concerned it doesn't matter if they get Early Black or Late Howes as the Howes will take more sugar and be more sour than the Blacks, but the result of a product or mixture will depend upon the selection or type of berries used. You know this to be true with apples or any other fruits but few associate any difference in types of cranberries, but in this lies the flavor and color of the final product.

CHERRIED CRANBERRIES

1 quart Early Black Cranberries
2 cups sugar (if Late Howes are used, more sugar must be added)
1 cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ " baking soda

Cook together in large deep pan. Stir, and when boiling starts PUT ON THE COVER. Reduce the heat to low, boil and cook for 15 minutes WITHOUT REMOVING THE COVER. Keep cover still on and remove from heat and allow the mixture to cool with the cover still on. When mixture is cool remove cover and spoon into containers. Cov-

er but do not seal. Makes about 1 pint.

The secret seems to be in keeping the cover on the pan as the mixture boils and cools. It has been tried without the cover but always the product comes up different in taste.

CRANBERRY COCKTAIL

1 qt. Early Black Cranberries. (If Howes, use more sugar)

4 qts. cold water (This can be varied to thickness of mixture.)

Put in kettle and boil for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour

No sugar up to this point-Berries will whiten in pulp

Remove and strain through cheesecloth

Reheat with 2 cups sugar and bring to boil for 5 minutes

Cool for 24 hours-Do NOT use as taste will be disappointing

After 24 hours store in large bottles

Makes about 1 gallon

SERVE ONLY WITH ICE CUBES AND COLD. THE COLDER THE BETTER.

The above can be mixed with Ginger Ale or such liquors as Gin etc. according to ones taste but the secret again, is to let it stand 24 hours and serve cold with ice cubes or it will be disappointing and flat. Mixture has a tendency to thicken or get syrupy. No harm, just cut with a little water.

All cranberries are better and sweeter and take less sugar if allowed to freeze before cooking. Frozen berries are the best for cooking. Most all the canned cranberries have been in cold storage and frozen into bricks for as long as a year. Freezers are now full of them on the Cape. Years ago I spent weeks on duck

hunting trips with my father and others. We used a big wooden cask and filled it $\frac{1}{2}$ full of Black cranberries and left it outside the camp. It would freeze like a block of ice berries. When we wanted cranberries for meals we took an ice pick and picked out a chunk, brought it in and added a little sugar and let it cook out on the stove. Frozed berries are the best for cooking, and sauce, but naturally they cannot be sold that way. Try it sometime. The freezing doesn't hurt but does something to the chemical structure of the berries that makes it sweeter and less sugar needed. The cranberry sauce you eat now, may be last years crop.

Good luck and Good eating and drinking.



Mal Hayden will be the featured caller at the next dance of the Merrimack Valley Square Dance Association at the Dame School, Concord, N.H. Feb. 21. *****

The Country Dance Society will sponsor square dances at the YMCU, Boylston St. Boston, Feb. 10 with Dick Best calling; Feb 24, Charley Baldwin; March 10 Joe Blundon. **

Mal Hayden calls square dances for the next two meetings of the Seacoast Square Dance Association, in Dover, N.H. City Hall Auditorium. The nights are: Saturday, Feb. 17 & Friday March 9. *** Ralph Page held a successful contra dance institute at the Brockton, Mass. YWCA, Monday, Jan. 22. ** Friends of Mr & Mrs Bob Osgood will be glad to know that their recent tour of the New England states was nothing short of sensational. Both coasts could stand more good will ambassadors as Bob and Ginger Osgood. *****

Charley Baldwin continues his weekly classes

and square dances at the YMCA, Boston, every Wednesday night.*****

Next dance of the Fitchburg, Mass Quadrille Club will be in Wallace Hall, Feb. 10.*****

The Recreation Department of Leominster, Mass. is sponsoring Wednesday night classes in square dances. Lawrence Loy is the teacher.*****

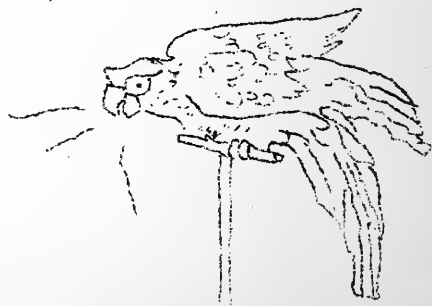
Ralph Page begins a new class (10 weeks) in Folk dancing at the YMCA, Boston, Tuesday, Feb. 6. 7:30-8:30 P.M. Joe Blundon also begins a new 16 week class for beginners in American squares and contra at the same hall, 6:30-7:30 P.M.*****

According to word and clippings from Fred Collette, Atlanta, Ga. it is a New Year's custom down there to eat "hog jowl and black eyed peas" on Jan. 1st. Bobody can remember when the custom began, it was so long ago.*****

Have you attended Dave Hahn's Semi-Monthly assembly the 2nd & 4th Sundays of every month? They start January 14 in the Dance Circle Studio, 144 West 54th St. NYC. 4:30-7 P.M.

Nice article in a recent issue of "Vermont Town Meeting" by Mrs. Frances Kiely "Square Dancing is More than Fun". Nice kids up there in Fairlee. A likely neighborhood for a folk dance camp. Vermont needs one.*****

Write to Howard Hogue, 45 Pearl St. East Bridge water, Mass for a copy of his news sheet "The Hoe-Downer". Guess it's free.*****



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